

THE GREAT AMERICAN SPECTACULAR DRAMA.

Gorgeous Serio-Comic

SPECTACULAR DRAMA,

PS 635
Z 9 L 256 — ENTITLED —

THE DEVIL'S KINGDOM !

PROLOGUE, FIVE ACTS and SEVERAL GRAND TABLEAUX.

BY SIMON M. LANDIS, M. D.

Author of the "The Social War of 1900; or, The Conspirators and Lovers." "Lessons in Search of Greatness; or, Stepping Down the Ladder." "The Insane Lover; or, Fate of the Libertine." "The Fiend; or, Torturer of Innocence." "Mesmer, the Terror of the Rich," &c.

The Devil's Kingdom is in Two Editions:

THE DRAWING ROOM EDITION is intended for the "Road," and requires only four Performers, Two Ladies and Two Gentlemen for the full company, to portray eighteen characters. The GORGEOUS STAGE EDITION requires an immense company and is more gorgeous and far grander than the Black Crook, or any other spectacular drama of modern date. *Each act is complete in itself.*

PRINTED, BUT NOT PUBLISHED,

By the Author, *Dr. S. M. Landis*, at his Medical Institution,
13 NORTH ELEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1875.

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PS635
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CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

Age.

- 40. MR. PREACHER, bearded face. Modern dress.
DEVIL, handsome. Red tights, horns and cape.
- 50. DR. PHILOSOPHER, same as Mr. Preacher.
- 45. DR. DRUGOPATH, coarse features. Black suit, white cravat.
- 30. REV. MR. SAINTY, no beard. Black, long straight frock coat, black pants, vest and white cravat.
- 40. HON. LAW EXPOUNDER, fierce face. Blue dress coat, brass buttons, tight pants, white vest and high hat.
- 50. MR. EDITOR, fat fine face. Reckless modern black clothes.
- 60. HON. POLITICIAN, red nose, portly and saucy. Fine broad-cloth shabby, modern style.
- 18. MR. YOUNG AMERICA, handsome face. Any fancy modern style.
- 17. MR. FOP, feminine face. Velvet frock coat, highly colored vest, gray spotted pants, patent leather shoes and silk hat.
- 30. MR. BLUE DEVIL, gloomy, drunken, illiterate, and stupid. Plain fine gray suit.
- 40. MR. LUCRE INFLUENCE, proud face. Black stylish broad cloth suit.
- 50. MR. GAIETY, pert, fierce, lively bloat. Ragged fine clothes of fancy color.
- 24. MRS. SUPERSTITION, healthy and beautiful mother and infant. Plain, neat modern dark dress.
- 18. MISS FASHIONABLE, beautiful face. Modern fine fashionable gaudy outfit.
- 36. MISS PRUDISH, nasty fine, dissipated, red face and homely. Neat brown dress.
- 45. MRS. GOSSIP, homely face. Gaudy modern dress.
- 65. GRAND MA SNOOKS, fat, bloated, ugly red face. Ragged dress.

Four Leading Imps, Acrobats, gross, ugly faces. Their names on their wings.	{	PUTRID AIR, green dress and smoky wings.
		FILTHY WATER, " " muddled wings.
		GROSS FOOD, " " sausages, lobsters, hams, and pigs on wings.
		ARTIFICIAL LIGHT, " " smoky oil lamps on wings.

Angels, Imps, Demons, Victims, and People!

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The performers in this play, especially the Imps, Demons and Victims, should all have soft shoes on, to enable them to move about without noise. The Leading Imps, Common Imps and Demons should be dressed differently, making a great distinction in appearance. The Demons take entire charge of the Victims, and should have horrid looking faces, huge eyes, etc., whilst the Common Imps should be of various appearances, some young,—like boys of ten, twelve and fifteen years,—some very old, some lame, others hump-backed, etc., yet each to look like an Imp. The Victims are the transformed performers, whose faces remain as when actors and actresses, but the Victim's dresses should be plain green suits, tightly fitting the bodies of either sex. Each Ballet Girl or Angel should have wings; but the Aerial Angels, who descend, should have the largest wings, look the prettiest and most etherealized.

THE DEVIL'S KINGDOM!

PROLOGUE.

SCENE I.—*Garden of Eden.* MR. PREACHER, *and entire Company, in neat modern attire. Angels in the clouds.*

SINGING.

Mr. Preacher.—Friends, we have a delightful time! Here all is natural, beautiful and lovable! The great Creator has vouchsafed unto us, his innocent children, all the necessities of life, and as long as we continue to obey His laws, we shall retain our pristine beauty, health and genuine happiness; but if we become violators of the laws of our natures, we shall fall from grace of body and soul! Therefore, I exhort each one of you to remain true and faithful to our inheritance, when our souls shall forever sing intuitive praises to Him, who rejoices in the acts of the guileless, and who will not permit evil to come into our midst.

On the contrary, if you should even doubt in your minds, that perpetual peace and joy should abide with us, you would instantly detect the abnormal spirit—The Evil one would present himself in our midst.

[*Several in the Company shout, whilst pointing to one spot.*]

Company.—Behold, yonder Serpent! [*All shudder.*]

Mr. P.—Hearken, unto me! you who have first observed that tempter, have doubted in your inner souls, hence, have invited Satan to appear before your eyes in the shape of yonder Serpent! and permit me to say, that you are the cause of each one of our children beholding his demoniacal form!

I therefore, pray you, shut your senses against this monster, who if he is not summarily cut down, will swallow you all up in victory.

[*Dolorous sounds without, with thunder and lightning. Enter Devil and Imps with a rush. Angels disappear. All the people fall upon their knees in pitiful and fearful terror. Devil and Imps act victorious, soul-harrowing sounds, fire and brimstone. Tableau.*]

END OF PROLOGUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Nursery of Mrs. SUPERSTITION, nursing her Infant. Angels surround her. The Devil and Imps enter.*

Mrs. Superstition.—[*Angels surround her.*] Oh! what a blessed thing it is to have a good husband and a charming baby, like you; my exquisite cherub! [*She pets and fondles infant.*] O, you are too beautiful, and so healthy, that I could eat you, you little angel!

[*Enter Devil. Exit Angels.*]

Devil.—There she is, as disgustingly natural, as a perfect rose; and that infant is a *fac-simile* of herself! I'll put some of my notions into her fickle head. [*Smells air.*] Ah! the air in this room is considerably impregnated with foul gases and imps; [*Enter four Leading Imps,*] and I'll add fuel to it, and create in the vitals of mother and infant, abnormal action—*disease*! Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh and tumble.*]

Mrs. S.—[*In deep thought and solemn look.*] Blessed baby, if you should take ill, what should I do? Oh! I should go wild! You look changed! [*Raising baby to her face. Imps touch baby.*] You moan, great heavens, you are sick, and I am alone.

Devil.—No, my charming Madam, you are not alone, while I am about! [*Imps very affectionate to Madam.*] Please, most wise Madam, hearken unto the voice of comfort! You possess a charmed life; moreover, shall I remind you that infants require changes in their early days? Yes, there is too much air,—draughts of *cool* air,—in this beautiful nursery, also too much sun light!

Mrs. S.—What a foolish creature I am to permit my darling to be exposed to the elements of air and light! I will wrap you up warmly. [*Imps assist her to bundle up baby.*] So now, precious darling, you will be nice and warm!

Baby.—[*Imps pinch baby, it cries pitifully.*] A-a-a-a.

Devil.—[*Rubbing his hands gleefully. Aside.*] She takes; the brat cries, not being able to bear such muffling, until I pepper and pickle it with my panaceas! [*Imps laugh and tumble about lively.*] Ha! ha! ha! I'll put another flea in her ear! [*To her.*] My dear Madam, your infant is sick and you had better send for Dr. Drugopath. [*Imps wild with joy.*]

Mrs. S.—Indeed! indeed! my little angel is very sick and I must send for the doctor! [*Imps breathe upon baby and rub up Madam's back.*] Nurse! John! George! Do you hear me? [*Angered.*] No one about—

Devil.—Oh! yes, sweet lady, I am always about, when such saints as yourself call. [*Imps in diabolical reverence and glee.*]

Mrs. S.—Who are you? and what can you do for me in my distress? I want some one to go for the doctor immediately!

Devil.—Of course, sweet saint, now don't get into a passion. [*Imps pinch her and vex her.*] I'll send some one quickly. Here comes Young America, who will serve you I know. [*Aside.*]

I'll vex her, until her blood boils, and her gall grows bitter and corrosive, when cramps and misery of infant and mother will follow.

[*Enter MR. YOUNG AMERICA. Two Imps surround him.*]

[*To him.*—Halloo! my boy; you are wanted, but let me put you on your guard!

Young America.—Of course, Sir, I am most assuredly your very humble servant—

Devil.—Certainly you are, but to business! Do you see that beautiful lady over yonder!

Y. A.—I do indeed! She is perfectly bewitching. Who is she, and what has she got in her arms?

Devil.—[*Nudging him.*] A brat of an infant—

Y. A.—An infant! Bah! is she married?

Devil.—That's nothing *here* nor *there*, now-a-days; but if you have a fancy to gain her affections, I can arrange things for you speedily.

Y. A.—The devil you can!

Devil.—Of course; but you must do a little common work first.

Y. A.—Name it, Sir.

Devil.—Go for Dr. Drugopath, and tell him to come with plenty of medicine; [*Imps very anxious.*] but before you go, tarry here until I say go; and whatever I say or do, you must give assent by saying: Yes Sir, certainly, etc.

Y. A.—I'll do it, sharp.

Devil.—[*Approaches Madam, who is meditating.*] Madam, permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Young America. [*To him.*] That's your name I believe? [*With a nudge.*]

Y. A.—Ye-e-s Sir, that's it. [*Aside.*] But look here, old fellow, she is entirely too beautiful and modest to trifle—[*Imps tease him, by rubbing up his back, etc.*]

Devil.—Shut up, [*Indignantly.*] or you'll miss your mark. Remember our covenant—

Y. A.—All right. [*Aside.*] Damn him. [*Imps fly wildly.*]

Devil.—Good boy, go ahead, you are prospering. [*Y. A. is very angry. Imps vex him.*] You do pray eloquently, verily, if you had been going to our schools all your life, you could not have learned more eloquence than you have just exhibited.

Y. A.—I wish I could choke the infernal fool—[*Imps laugh.*]

Devil.—Ha! ha! ha! what are you thinking about; standing so stupidly in the presence of this lady, whose infant is so very ill, and desires some one to go for Dr. Drugopath.

Mrs. S.—Yes, young man, I would be very thankful to you, if you would go for the doctor.

Y. A.—Certainly, I fly—[*Imps prevent him.*]

Devil.—[*Aside.*] No you don't, just yet. [*To her.*] Madam, this youth is a little queer in his head. [*To him.*] Aren't you?

Y. A.—Yes sir. [*Aside.*] Curse him! [*Imps pinch him.*]

Devil.—Good, my boy! Ha! ha! ha!

Y. A.—Oh! you accursed devil! [*Imps tickle him.*]

Devil.—Just so! Just so, my boy.

Y. A.—I won't obey you any longer, you damn—[*Imps pull his hair.*]

Devil.—Go on, go on, you are progressing hugely.

Y. A.—[*Foaming with rage.*] I'll go and drown myself—[*Imps pull him.*]

Devil.—By all means do it, but go for Dr. Drugopath first. Won't you? Ha! ha! ha!

Baby.—[*Imps pinch baby, it cries.*] A-a-a-a!

Mrs. S.—Oh! goodness, young man! why do you stand there rubbing your head like an idiot! Don't you see that my baby is very sick; and haven't you promised me to go for the doctor?

Devil.—Yes, madam, but he is so smitten with your charms [*Imps fix her.*] that he can't leave you! [*To him.*] Is this not so?

Y. A.—Yes sir. [*Aside.*] Hell and the devil, but I would like to murder him. [*Imps rumple his hair and stick him with pins.*]

Devil.—Of course, my sweet boy! You are becoming an expert!

Y. A.—You are the most accursed nuisance that I ever met! [*Imps groan and pat him.*]

Devil.—Now, now my boy, you wrong me! I am only teaching you what is genteel; and if you be patient, while I work up the charms of our beautiful lady, with the sick babe! [*Imps laugh.*] Ha! ha! ha! [*Nudging him.*] You may have your own way with her!

Y. A.—[*More indignant.*] I would like to cut your throat and send you to hell! [*Imps jump and bounce him fiercely.*]

Devil.—Good for you; that would be sending me to my own delightful, cozy home, where I roast such lively fellows as yourself, when they are played out in this saintly world.

Mrs. S.—My heavens! will any one go for the doctor? [*Now Imps fly to her and pinch her, she is in a furious rage.*] I'd give my life to get the doctor quickly.

Devil.—Most certainly, my own dear madam, he shall fly; but why did you not ask me before, and promise yourself for such services.

Mrs. S.—What do you mean? [*Imps grin and tumble.*]

Devil.—I mean that Young America shall fly for the doctor. [*To the boy.*] Boy come here! [*To him aside.*] Go instantly for Dr. Drugopath, and tell him to come in 3 or 4 hours; mind, 3 or 4 hours, no hurry.

[*Louder.*] Fly, my faithful boy.

Y. A.—I'll fly! [*Aside.*] The accursed hypocrite and infernal torturer. [*Imps kick him. Exit Young America.*]

Devil.—Now, my own dear madam, he is gone to bring the doctor, who will soon cure your charming babe!

Mrs. S.—Do you really think so? [*Imps rub her down smoothly.*]

Devil.—Certainly, I know so. [*Aside.*] There's nothing the matter with the brat now, only a little foul air irritates it. [*To her.*] You have made a mistake when your infant was born!

Mrs. S.—Indeed! How so?

Devil.—Because, you treated it as if it had been a coarse, rude monster; infants that are to be prosperous and refined should be properly medicated from the first! There's nothing like Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for little babies! [*Aside.*] She takes.

Mrs. S.—Oh! goodness. [*Sighs.*] I have always told my husband and doctor so, but they objected to dosing—[*Imps are amusing themselves.*]

Devil.—Very absurd; for what purpose were these things made, if not for use? Why my *own* dear madam, there is a remedy for everything.

Mrs. S.—Sir, probably so. [*Imps vex her. Indignant.*] But why do you call me your “own dear madam;” I am not your madam; much less your “own dear,” I'd have you know.

Devil.—Come, come, my *own* dear, you are mine; fully mine, and made so by your own free, unsolicited proffer!

Mrs. S.—How dare you insult me thus, [*Imps hug her body, feet and arms.*] and charge me with such an infamous act?

Devil.—Your infant is growing worse, don't you see it writhe in agony? [*Imps pinch baby.*] See it cries.

Baby.—A-a-a-a.

Mrs. S.—Why don't the doctor come? I see that my darling is growing worse rapidly—[*Imps spread out their wings over baby.*]

Devil.—Of course it is, and it was your unjust wrath toward me that caused this relapse!

Mrs. S.—Do you think so? [*Imps amusing themselves.*]

Devil.—I know so; [*Pats infant under chin, it instantly grows better.*] See, my magnetic hand has charms to heal and calm your infant, as well as your own, sweet soul!

Mrs. S.—Sir, I don't know what to make of you, I like you, and yet I hate and fear you!

Devil.—O, nonsense! I am as harmless and useful as a dose of Calomel; and I will do anything for your *present* comfort and relief!

Mrs. S.—You are a shrewd philosopher and if you should cease to call me your “own,” I would almost love you!

Devil.—You do not understand me, I mean, that when you are widowed, when your husband dies; that is, when you are divorced from him—

Mrs. S.—Monster! [*Imps rub her back up and pinch her.*] Why do you talk to me of divorce and death of my beloved husband? [*Furiously.*]

Devil.—Now, now, keep cool, my own dear Madame—

Mrs. S.—Accursed— [*Imps grin.*]

Devil.—Be your baby and yourself.

Mrs. S.—[*Horror and amazement sit on her countenance, whilst baby moans and cries.*] Fiend! Avaunt.

Baby.—A-a-a-a.

Devil.—Go on, beautiful damsel; you are driving huge nails into your baby's coffin—

Mrs. S.—What! Yes, my child; O, my darling, you look as if you were dying! [*Imps spread wings forward and grin with glee.*] Say, can you, fiend or saint, save my child? [*Imps dance.*]

Devil.—Of course I can, just behold my talismanic powers. [*Manipulates over infant.*] Now see for yourself! Am I not to be loved or dreaded? Have me just as you please; because you are mine, and as such I shall govern you!

Mrs. S.—[*Aside.*] I am almost scared to death, and that doctor wont come! Oh! I am nearly crazed! What shall I do, who will aid me?

Devil.—I will every time. [*Aside.*] I guess I am shattering that creature's nerves, and soon she will be a haggard, flabby wife and mother; when nobody except myself will have her, and I wont keep her long.

Mrs. S.—[*Stares like a lunatic, and gets hysterical, cries and laughs alternately.*] Oh! was there ever a more miserable creature on earth? Here I am, with this sick darling, all alone; my husband away from home on business, a good for nothing set of servants, who are loafing, and I distressed and worried to distraction, without any hope for relief!

Devil.—My own dear madam, why do you worry, [*Imps standing back pointing with fingers and smiling at devil.*] or why do you fear me, I am friendly to everybody, who listens to me, and by listening they always learn gigantic lessons; and as you have seen and felt my power repeatedly, I shall leave you and your sick baby alone; and the moment I leave you, your baby will grow worse! Shall I go? [*Imps kiss their hands and leave her.*]

Mrs. S.—No, no, Oh! heaven no, only stay until the the doctor arrives—

Devil.—[*Pets her.*] There, there, my own sweet love, be calm and trust in me, I never go back on my own—

Mrs. S.—Thank you! [*Cries aloud.*]

Devil.—Hark! I hear Dr. Drugopath!

Mrs. S.—Oh! many thanks for that!

Devil.—Now, I must leave you, the doctor will cure your infant, when all will be well! Farewell! [*Smiling.*]

Mrs. S.—Good by, noble friend. [*Tries to check her sobs.*]

Devil.—My own darling, permit me to steal only one kiss! [*Kisses her. Imps smack their lips loudly.*] How delightful, and nobody is robbed or harmed. Farewell angel, until we meet again. [*Aside.*] Now, for Dr. Drugopath, here he comes! [*Imps go quietly back of doctor.*]

[*Enter Dr. Drugopath.*]

Devil.—How do you do, my dear Doctor! You have come just in the nick of time. Look yonder at your victims!

Dr. Drugopath.—[*Looking both confused and haughty.*] Sir, what do you mean by saying my "victims"? I am no murderer—

Devil.—Ha! ha! ha! Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind, who said you were a murderer?

Dr. D.—You insinuated as much by word and look.

Devil.—Come, come, no nonsense. You know very well, that I know you; and more than all that, are we not mutually interested in the miseries and diseases of mankind? Could you keep the wolf from your door if I were idle; if no diseases existed? [*Imps put doctor, who gets affable, rubs his hands, feels better.*] And is it not me and mine that have started your business of dosing and drugging? [*Imps amuse themselves, go to madam, &c.*] Had I not led poor Adam and Eve away from Nature's laws, and taught them to eat poisonous stuff, you'd have no precious diseases to doctor! Yes, were it not for me, you and all your medical brethren would be compelled to go to work and earn your food in the sweat of your lazy brows. But doctor, to business, to business!

Dr. D.—Yes, yes, to business; you are the bravest and most industrious of fellows; I'll do as you bid me, now as ever!

Devil.—Good, good, O, most excellent doctor! See that superstitious fool of a woman over there! She has been lamenting for you for hours. Her infant is peevish, and I made her believe it was dying. She wants the little brat thoroughly medicated! I prepared her for a copious dosing; moreover, I persuaded her to muffle the little thing up so thoroughly that it could get no natural air, and you know from that moment, the seeds of disease were deeply planted in the delicate textures of our to be life long victim!

Dr. D.—Truly you are a cunning and efficient devil—

Devil.—Hut, tut, doctor, [*Seriously.*] do not libel me in that manner. I am a gentleman of ingenuity! Am I not?

Dr. D.—Undoubtedly you are all that, and more to boot; but what do you want me to do, that's special in this case? [*Imps watch them sharply.*]

Devil.—You sly dog, as if you needed tutorage at this late date. [*Nudging him, both laugh, Imps joining.*]

Dr. D.—I have plenty of all kinds of medicines in my saddle bags, [*Pointing to them.*] and I warrant, I'll be equal to the constitution of both infant and mother! Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh and dance.*]

Devil.—Yes, dear doctor, she greatly believes in *our* method of cure, ha! ha! ha! cure her child with mineral balm, it rots most effectually the solid, the bony structures, after which, Nature's hold upon that body and mind is trifling! Bah! *nature* is vulgar, but *art* is *fine*! Oh! doctor, we are the scientists, who can pluck out the rooted sorrow of the nations, and plant within the tablet of memory, a lasting monument to the infernal regions. In this manner, we succeed in being popular; have plenty of disciples, are respected, lauded and courted as the monarchs of all we survey! Be true to your pocket, and you'll be true to me and to yourself! Sacrifice truth, nature, principle, man, or anything else, for *our* kingdom! We never fail in any circle of society when we labor slyly and industriously; and it is *unwise* to let everybody know our little secrets.

Dr. D.—Oh! but you are a genuine philosopher!

Devil.—And doctor, you are a cunning practitioner; you and I

know, that our first work is to ruin the vulgar, natural digestive organs of infants! Yes, this is our key note! We know the deadening, embalming and pickling properties of all the medicines that are used in the kitchen, drinking saloon, smoking room, parlor and sick room! We also know, that these delicacies, these fashionable condiments, relishes, stimulants, and spirituous beverages belong to *our* kingdom! and we know also, that nature, in her pristine condition abhors them; but what cannot you and I perform, when we combine our skill, and enter the nursery? Ha! ha! ha! Here doctor, we lay our foundation, and this done, the balance comes naturally, according to our kingdom's nature! Ha! ha! ha! *Our* cunning "broad road" nature is popular! [*Nudging him.*] Who cares to be unpopular? Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh.*]

Dr. D.—Ha! ha! ha! better out of the world, than out of popular favor.

Devil.—You are a brick! Ha! ha! ha! I am almost tempted to make you my right hand imp—[*Imps pat and stroke the doctor.*]

Dr. D.—[*Nudging the devil.*] I thought I had already the honor of that lofty position?

Devil.—Oh! you have doctor, whilst traversing on *terra firma*, but I had reference to below—[*Pointing below. Imps turn somersaults, &c.*]

Dr. D.—[*Shuddering.*] Oh! Mr. Devil, you horrify me; so I pray you, permit me to attend to yonder patients. [*Winking.*]

Devil.—All right, and I'll not be far away. Doctor, sometimes I may come visibly, and at others invisibly! Good by.

[*Exit Devil and Imps.*]

Dr. D.—Good morning.

Baby.—A-a-a-a.

Mrs. S.—Oh! doctor, where are you?

Dr. D.—Here, dear madam, at your bidding.

Mrs. S.—Please hasten dear doctor, and prescribe for my long neglected cherub.

Dr. D.—[*Draws himself up in a very pompous, wise and dignified manner, examining baby thoroughly at great length, baby squalling in distress.*] Really, madam, it is a very serious case of spotted fever!

Mrs. S.—Oh! great father, you do not mean that? [*Terribly excited.*]

Dr. D.—Keep cool, precious lady, I may be able to check the virulent disease, if you will observe my advice rigidly.

Mrs. S.—Of course, I'll do anything—

Dr. D.—Enough said. [*Now prepares several doses.*] Here are some powders, to be taken by yourself, every hour.

Mrs. S.—Doctor, I am not sick, but my baby—

Dr. D.—[*Aside.*] Curse the baby. [*To her.*] Madam, who is the doctor, you or I?

Mrs. S.—[*In a rage.*] You forget, that you are speaking to a lady! I want you to give my infant some medicine.

Dr. D.—Shall I be held responsible for the result of this medication, or do you take the responsibility?

Mrs. S.—Oh! doctor, please be quick, look my poor baby—

Dr. D.—Here, give it that! [*Handing a tumblerful of liquid.*] that will soothe it for a time. [*Aside.*] I hope it will kill it.

[*Enter Devil and Imps.*]

Devil.—[*Pats doctor on shoulder.*] Doctor, my boy, have you prescribed already? I notice the madam is very feverish, and ready for anything—

Dr. D.—Yes, noble sage, she is a fool, and if it were not for the purpose of preparing a subject for me during life, and a victim for you at death, I would kill the brat and finish the job at once! [*Imps with a bound surround the doctor.*]

Devil.—Doctor, doctor, never have such wicked thoughts as sending the youngster hence in his innocence; why, you could not commit a greater offence against me and mine; mark that!

Dr. D.—No sir, I shall not do so, but I'll shatter his constitution for spite to the haughty madam! [*Imps stroke him gently.*]

Devil.—Oh! for shame, doctor! You did not quarrel with the charming mother? Think of the poor distressed soul— [*Ironically. Imps pinch baby.*]

Baby.—A-a-a-a.

Mrs. S.—Doctor, my baby is getting worse! I believe he is getting a spasm! [*Imps pick at her and vex her.*]

Devil.—[*Whispers to lady.*] Yes, he is, ask for more medicine.

Mrs. S.—Can't you give him something that is more powerful?

Dr. D.—Here give him that. [*A powder.*] If that don't ease him, you must take this, [*Hands her a black drink.*] and then nurse him—

Mrs. S.—His little throat is swollen, he can't swallow—

Devil.—[*Whispers to her.*] He is strangling. [*To the doctor.*] Give a preparation of Lobelia and Number 16—or something hot—

Dr. D.—As hell! [*Angered, Imps groan with delight and fly.*]

Devil.—Hut, tut, with your sarcasm! [*Devil and Imps delighted. Aside.*] The brat is on a good way to dissolution, but I'll stop this Esculapian disciple of mine in his game, before he robs me of a useful subject; because, this brat shall become a useful member of elite society; I'll make him a dyspeptic minister of some orthodox faith, who will drum me up thousands of customers! [*Rubbing his hands.*] These are the best teachers of diabolism! This reckless fool of a doctor, would actually kill the baby, if I were not standing by to watch him; but I'll astonish him!

Baby.—A-a—[*Tries to cry but cannot do more than moan.*]

Devil.—[*Whispers to mother.*] Your baby is dying! [*Imps stretch forth their wings and grin.*]

Mrs. S.—Doctor, save my darling, O, save, I pray—

Dr. D.—I have done all I can for him—

Mrs. S.—[*In agony.*] Oh! all ye powers of earth and air, I invoke thee, save my child, and I am yours as you please—

Devil.—[*Speaks before doctor and mother.*] Madam, I'll take you again at your word; I'll save your darling babe! [*Devil takes baby.*] Hop-de-doodle-do, the baby lost its shoe! [*Mother smiles, doctor is horrified, devil smiles, baby coos. Scenes open, they move back on the stage. Imps turn somersaults. Enter a few dozen additional imps and demons. The Doctor and Mrs. Superstition are transformed into victims. The devil ascends to his throne with baby in his arms. The Imp-Dance commences. The demons take the victims in charge, and worry them, by pinches, knocks, &c., treating the doctor the most severely. The four Leading Imps make terrible leaps and somersaults in the air, whilst the others dance, &c. The angels descend, when the dance ceases, but the devil holds out the baby in an ominous manner. Grand Tableau.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Dressing room of Miss Fashionable. Devil superintending her toilet. Imps assist.*

Miss Fashionable.—[*Impatiently arranging her things.*] Goodness! I have nothing fit to wear! All the ladies, rich and poor, can have an abundance! I am mad enough to curse like a man! [*Tosses her wardrobe about furiously.*] I wish I were a man; then I could always be in the fashion! Yes, I could make my own money; and if I could not make it by fair means, I would by foul! Rob a bank, forge a check, or become President of the United States, or of some other profitable institution! Why the devil wasn't I a man?

[*Enter Devil and Leading Imps.*]

Devil.—Honey, did you call me? [*Imps tumble and shake themselves violently.*] At your service in any way.

Miss F.—What can you do, stupid?

Devil.—Do! I can do any thing you desire me to do! I can provide you with all your imaginary wants, if you are faithful to my commands.

Miss F.—[*Looks at him with amazement.*] Can you, miserable fool, furnish me with a first-class fashionable wardrobe? If you can, I will do whatever you command.

Devil.—You shall have it. [*Imps reach it forth.*] Here it is, the very latest style, just invented by myself! Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh and fly.*] How do you like it?

Miss F.—[*Examining it.*] Oh! it is superb, and you are a dear, good fellow! [*She runs up to him and embraces and kisses him.*]

Devil.—[*Both Imps and Devil astonished. Aside.*] She is infernally familiar! But never mind, she'll do for every purpose. [*To her.*] Miss Fashionable you make me blush! [*Imps blush and leap.*]

Miss F.—You don't say so! Ha! ha! ha! A fellow like you blush! [*Stares into his eyes.*] That's too thin, [*Imps astonished.*] but I am sure that you are a devilish good rascal.

Devil.—Hut, tut, this to me, to me, who has just furnished you with that magnificent wardrobe? [*Pretending anger.*]

Miss F.—[*Patting him on the cheek.*] Now don't be angry, I was only in fun.

Devil.—[*Aside.*] I don't think so; the fun is on the other side of her blasted pretty mouth! [*To her.*] Now, come, let me be your dressing maid. [*Devil and Imps taking things.*]

Miss F.—You are too modest, you might blush again! [*Looking quizzically.*]

Devil.—[*Soberly, with finger in corner of his mouth.*] No, sweet lady, I will try not to blush, because I have already taken a lesson from you, and I feel quite bold! [*Imps strike a bold attitude.*]

Miss F.—Come on then. [*Imps and Devil begin at hair.*] Fix my hair first.

Devil.—Certainly. [*Fix according to style.*]

Miss F.—[*Looking in glass.*] That's fine! Where did you learn your profession?

Devil.—Below, my dear. [*Points, so do Imps and grin.*]

Miss F.—[*Points in imitation and laughs.*] Where's that?

Devil.—It is where we create all the fashions.

Miss F.—Oh! take me there, wont you?

Devil.—Certainly! [*Aside.*] You'll go there by the time you get through with me. [*Imps elated, jump, dance, &c.*]

Miss F.—Will you take me soon?

Devil.—Yes, but you better get dressed first. Now for your face. [*The Imps and Devil paint and powder her face. Aside.*] This is the stuff to destroy the natural beauty of the skin; soon she will look as shriveled and dried up as the worst looking imp in my kingdom. [*Points below. To her.*] Oh! how perfectly beautiful you look! You will smash all the masculine hearts, and rile your fashionable sisters!

Miss F.—Do you really think so! [*Admiring herself in the glass. Imps fix and smooth her.*]

Devil.—Of course, I know so; but now come, let's fix your bust. [*Imps assist.*]

Miss F.—[*Removes her dress, devil laces her, &c.*] I want my corset very tight. [*Imps always imitate the devil.*]

Devil.—To be sure. [*Aside.*] I'll screw you up, tighter than a wasp, and cut your vitals in two, when you'll soon go where we invent fashions. [*To her.*] How is that for tight? [*Imps have their heads together, with hands on their knees, and look sharply at the devil.*]

Miss F.—[*Gasps for breath.*] That will do; don't you think so?

Devil.—Not quite; now bear up like a saint. [*Gives a tremendous pull, she screams, Imps delighted.*]

Miss F.—That's too infernally tight—

Devil.—Don't swear, sweet angel, but suffer me to finish the top! [*Imps and devil peep all around her form, and push cotton in the top.*]

Miss F.—That is fine! [*Admires herself in glass.*] Now for my new dress—

Devil.—Certainly, and bonnet! [*Imps put on same.*] You actually look bewitching! I'd take you to be a millionairess, and one of the most refined heiresses of the Royal Family! [*Imps admire her.*] I must leave you now, to attend to other business; but I shall see you soon again! Just you admire yourself slightly before you go promenading. May I be favored with a fashionable kiss, before we part?

Miss F.—Certainly, if you wont spoil my toilet and make-up!

Devil.—Don't take me for a coarse back-woodsman! [*Kisses her, Imps smack their lips.*] Oh! like honey and molasses. [*Aside.*] More like brimstone and musk-rats! [*To her.*] Farewell!

Miss F.—[*Bows profoundly.*] Au revoir! [*Admires herself. Exit Devil and Imps, the latter throw kisses at her and leave in somersaults.*]

SCENE II.—*Dressing room of Mr. Fop. Enter Mr. Fop.*

Mr. Fop.—I am now nearly seventeen, and I am no more a boy who is going to be kept down by the governor, I have won some money last night at the club. By jingoes! Those fellows dress finely, and each one of them has a fast horse and a gay lady-love! I'll be damned—

[*Enter Devil and Leading Imps. Stops and stares at the Devil.*]

Devil.—Mr. Fop, did you call me? [*Imps fly and are gay.*]

Mr. F.—No Sir! Who the devil are you?

Devil.—You have it—

Mr. F.—Have what?

Devil.—That new suit of clothes, which I assisted you to win the money for last night, so you would be enabled to be equal with your gay comrades!

Mr. F.—Sir, I do not understand you! I never saw you before in my life! [*Imps stare at Fop amazed.*]

Devil.—But you have felt my influence for many a day!

Mr. F.—Felt your influence. [*Meditating and deeming this impudence.*] You're a liar. [*Imps pat him.*]

Devil.—Base ingrate! do you forget what trouble I had in teaching you to smoke and chew tobacco! And I had extra work to get you to take whiskey, beer and cocktails?

Mr. F.—[*Worried, puzzled and angry.*] Fool! who are you; you have never been introduced to me, and I now wish to make my toilet—

Devil.—What—

Mr. F.—Stupid ass, I wish to dress! [*Fairly screams into Devil's ear. Imps rub up his back.*]

Devil.—All right, I'll assist you; I am an expert at that business—

Mr. F.—The hell you are?

Devil.—That's it, you are improving, go on.

Mr. F.—[*Aside.*] This knave is crazy. [*Opens door. To him.*]

Now Sir, do you see that open door? Get out, or I'll kick you out.

Devil.—You wouldn't do that to your protector! [*Imps strike a defensive attitude.*]

Mr. F.—My protector! How are you my protector?

Devil.—Don't you remember the time you were drunk? [*Imps grin, &c.*]

Mr. F.—Accursed liar!

Devil.—Verily, my dear boy, you can beat me at that little game. Shall I publish your little secret vices? [*Imps point one forefinger at Fop, and rub the other over it.*]

Mr. F.—[*Foppishly.*] Publish any thing you like, fool! [*Imps amazed.*]

Devil.—[*Whispers in Mr. Fop's ear.*] Shall I?

Mr. F.—[*Taken down, puts his hand on devil's mouth.*] No, no, for all creation don't tell! [*Imps delighted, tumble and amuse themselves.*]

Devil.—I thought not; but now to business! Put on your new clothes and make your very finest appearance, and if ever you get into your "little secret vices" again, call on me as before, and I will be there to aid you!

Mr. F.—You are after all, the best of fellows, and a most useful customer. But now I must complete my dressing. [*Finishes dressing, Imps assisting; admires himself.*]

Devil.—You look splendid; finer than any living son of mine! [*Aside.*] Poor fool!

Mr. F.—Good day Sir; I must be off, having an engagement with a charming lass!

Devil.—Oh! you rogue. [*Nudging him.*] Good by for a season.

Mr. F.—Adieu! [*Exit Mr. Fop. Imps throw kisses after him, laugh, &c.*]

Devil.—Ha! ha! ha! [*Rubbing his hands.*] I have now educated two young fools, who will drudge for my kingdom for life! Miss Fashionable and Mr. Fop! Oh! they are a team at 2 40 on the plank road to hell, and I am the driver! Yes, I *will* that they marry sickly companions, after they quarrel and separate; but in the end I will bring them together again *below*. [*Pointing.*] They will lead whole communities into fashion and diabolism; moreover, their offspring will inherit the qualities of the parents, and thusly I am glorified! I am monarch of earth and air; who can gainsay my teachings, when my seed is deeply rooted in the soil, and where nothing but my industry thrives!

Stand aside, old Dame Nature; your laurels have long since been plucked from out their sockets. What fool would be so insane at this age of science and progress, [*Points downwards.*] as to teach the laws of nature? Ha! ha! ha! If any one should attempt it, I would immediately set my ministers and serfs to work and disgrace him! [*Imps motioning approval and delighted.*] Let me see, what had I better do next with my young soldiers of the broad and popular road? [*Meditates*] If I could only come

across some real faithful clergyman; such as they have in Brooklyn, it would save me much trouble—

[*Enter Rev. Mr. Saintry. Imps rush around him, and spread their wings forward, as if baptizing Saintry. Aside.*]

By all that is infernal, there he is! Even a wish of mine brings my disciples into my august presence! This fellow loves *filthy lucre* and the women generally! Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh.*] but then he is very circumspect in his ministerial harness, and I have planted endless demoniacal shrewdness in his composition! I'll speak to him whilst he is in holy meditation!

Rev. Mr. Saintry.—[*Sighs and moans sanctimoniously.*] Oh! blessed be this glorious spot! May the spirit not forsake me— [*Imps pantomime, no, no.*]

Devil.—Never Sir, whilst you continue to obey every wish of mine!

Rev. Mr. S.—You here? [*Looking a little confused.*]

Devil.—All right, old fellow! No one is about; we are alone, so unbosom your soul to your spiritual guide, who has just done endless service for the fashionable church. [*Imps very affectionate to Saintry.*]

Rev. Mr. S.—Oh! you naughty devil. [*Smiling gaily.*]

Devil.—Please, now don't call me by that harsh name; especially save me that mortification when we meet on the sly; in public you may pour out your invective in even much harsher tones, but dear brother! [*Embraces him.*] When we meet for mutual improvement, act brotherly and affectionately!

Rev. Mr. S.—Noble philosopher, I will, and I have lots of questions to ask you!

Devil.—[*Impatient to hear.*] Well, well, go on, and let me hear them—

Rev. Mr. S.—In the first place then, I must say, you have been so much amongst my congregation, [*Imps pantomime, as if saying, now listen to that.*] that they won't hear nor believe a word I preach, unless I seem sad and downcast, and you know that such deportment is very severe on a man's constitution—[*Imps confounded.*]

Devil.—Curse the constitution! [*Imps strike tableau.*]

Rev. Mr. S.—What? [*Amazed.*]

Devil.—Beg ten million pardons, I meant the constitution of your church, which is entirely too natural and simple for the age in which we move!

Rev. Mr. S.—Well, I don't know; simplicity is a very beautiful thing—

Devil.—For fools and grannies! [*Angry. Imps frown.*] If you wish to be unpopular and poor as job's turkey, preach up your simplicity! [*Turning up his nose, Imps do likewise.*]

Rev. Mr. S.—Please don't be so sarcastic, you wound my feelings. I will do anything that makes me most popular and beloved by my people! [*Imps stroke, smooth and pet Saintry.*]

Devil.—[*Nudging him.*] Especially among the petticoat people. Hah! you simple dog! [*Imps hug each other affectionately.*]

Rev. Mr. S.—[*Smiling in a pleased manner.*] Don't, Oh ! don't !

Devil.—How is your anti-theatre brother ! [*Imps sad, sanctified.*]

Rev. Mr. S.—Finely, like all are, who preach to please your majesty.

Devil.—Oh ! thanks ! [*Bows politely.*] You flatter me !

Rev. Mr. S.—No Sir, indeed I don't ! for what would I have been without your aid ? [*Imps motion assent.*]

Devil.—Do you wish to kill me with your compliments ?

Rev. Mr. S.—Certainly not ! But may I ask another question ?

Devil.—Of course, thousands !

Rev. Mr. S.—I would like to preach what I practice, it would be much pleasanter.

Devil.—Nonsense, infamous nonsense ! You'd be a ruined man in double quick ! The only manner by which a modern preacher can become popular is to preach rubbish, look wise, seem sad, act sanctimonious and love the sisters ! [*Imps very affectionate and lively.*] You sly ras. al, know this as well as myself ; why then do you propse a change ?

Rev. Mr. S.—Oh ! yes, [*With a sigh.*] I know it, but I would rather not act the hypocrite any longer—

Devil.—Indeed, you'd like to leave my service, and become honest ! For shame ! [*Imps hiss Suinty.*] Now brother Suinty, if you continue to waver in this style, I shall be compelled to expose you, and then you can starve, be friendless and forsaken ! You had better stick to me and wear the sanctimonious livery ! Yes, look here come two of our disciples, who must be kept in total ignorance of our secret covenant. What say you ?

Rev. Mr. S.—Certainly so, I am yours most truly as ever. [*Imps motion assent.*]

SCENE 3.—*Drawing Room. Enter Miss Fashionable and Mr. Fop, arm in arm. Devil and Mr. Suinty together, then Imps follow. The Imps amuse themselves back on stage.*

Mr. Fop.—My darling, you look charming to day; only you were deuced snappish when I said sweet things to you !

Miss Fashionable.—It's a base falsehood, you are only jealous of Mr. Suinty !

Devil.—[*Nudging Rev. Mr. S. Aside.*] Do you hear that ?

Rev. Mr. S.—No, what was it ?

Devil.—Go to, go to; [*Nudging him.*] you heard it well enough He knows that Miss Fashionable is in love with you !

Mr. F.—Jealous of that old stick; ha ! ha ! ha ! He is an old hypocritical fool—

Devil.—[*Aside.*] That's a fine specimen of yourself.

Rev. Mr. S.—The accursed ingrate ! This is what we poor preachers get for our labors to educate young scoundrels ! [*Angry.*]

Miss F.—You might thank your guardian angel, if you were one half as good, great and pure as our dear pastor.

Rev. Mr. S.—Ah ! did you hear that ?

Devil.—Yes, and you heard that too; didn't you? [*Nudging.*] Haven't I told you the petticoat people love you?

Rev. Mr. S.—Oh! be serious for once I pray, and let us make ourselves known to them, because I am afraid—

Devil.—They may expose some of your little secret affairs! Ha! ha! ha! come on then, I'll present you to them!

Rev. Mr. S.—Thanks!

[*Advances to the Lovers, who are in an angry mood, walking up and down the stage followed by Imps, who tease them.*]

Devil.—My dear young friends, allow me to present Rev. Mr. Sainty to you; but I suppose you know him almost as well as I do. [*Aside to Sainty, with nudge.*] Not quite, you rogue.

Rev. Mr. S.—[*Kicks slyly at the Devil, but bows in a very sanctified manner to the lovers.*]

Mr. F. and Miss F.—[*Speaking at once.*] Oh! certainly, he is our beloved pastor.

Devil.—[*Aside.*] Just see how you are honored! If you were not very serious and dignified, they would become too familiar and you know familiarity always breeds contempt—

Rev. Mr. S.—Shut up! They'll hear you!

Devil.—Have no fears, coward. I understand my business too well to injure it! [*Speaks to Lovers.*] Say, you cooing lovers, are you not rather gay?

Rev. Mr. S.—Yes, I fear that your conversion has not fully [*Very sanctimonious.*] turned you away from the gaities and frivolities of this sinful world, and—[*Stops and stares. Imps smile at him.*]

Devil.—[*To lovers. Aside.*] He heard what you said about him when you were having that fine little quarrel, a few minutes since. You'll catch thunder, but never mind, I'll back you up. [*Imps surround their backs, &c.*]

Lovers.—[*Speak at once.*] Thanks, O! many thanks, noble devil!

Rev. Mr. S.—I was going to say—[*Devil and Imps cough in his ear.*]

Devil.—Hic, hic, hiccough! Go for them, or they will lose respect for you; put the Eleventh Commandment at them! Go it. [*Devil and Imps push him on.*]

Rev. Mr. S.—Go to thunder. [*Angry. Speaks now to lovers again.*] Well, children, you will be at church together next Sabbath I hope! Don't forget to pray! [*Imps imitate Sainty, then grin.*]

Devil.—[*Aside.*] I'll bake your hash for you, you old viper. [*To Mr. Fop he whispers.*] Come, let us take a walk, I have something to tell you!

Mr. F.—Mr. Sainty, pardon me, if I leave Miss Fashionable to your care, I have some important business to attend to! Good by darling. [*Kisses her and bows himself out.*]

Devil.—[*Whispers to Mr. Sainty.*] I'll keep him away; now you'll have a chance to make a little love slyly, you dog! [*Nudging him.*] Au revoir.

[*Exit Devil, Imps and Mr. Fop.*]

Rev. Mr. S.—Now, my sweet girl we are alone, thanks to good fortune!

Miss F.—Yes, my dear pastor, I am delighted to spend a few hours in your precious society.

Rev. Mr. S.—I hope you do not love that fool of a Fop! Don't you ever marry him, but remain single! I will comfort you and become your "genuine" lover!

Miss F.—Oh! Mr. Sainty, you are a married man, and a minister, moreover I cannot see how a man of your dignity and reverence could love a giddy, fashionable creature like myself, and you know you always preach against the foolish fashions!

Rev. Mr. S.—[*Acting amorous.*] But darling! [*Kneels before her.*] You must know also, that we ministers are awfully natural men, and we are compelled to preach one thing, whilst we cannot help but practice another! For instance, I cannot help loving you! [*Embraces and kisses her.*] I swear, that I will be true to you, as long as I live, if you will cast off that little contemptible Fop! [*She quietly assents.*]

[*Enter Devil, Imps and Mr. Fop.*]

Devil.—See there Mr. Fop! That's ministering to the sister! [*Nudging him, Imps rub Fop's back up and smile; Fop foams and wants to run straight at the sly lovers, but Devil and Imps hold him.*]

Mr. F.—Hell and the devil, I'll murder them both! [*Pulls to go, they still hold him.*]

Devil.—Nonsense, you ingrate. Have a care how you threaten to destroy my best and most practical disciples! You have often done the same thing—[*Imps smile and point at Fop.*]

Mr. F.—Let me go, I'll kill the sanctimonious scoundrel! See, he kisses her again—

Devil.—And she responds with a gusto! Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh, &c.*]

Mr. F.—And you infernal fool, enjoy my misery. Let me loose—

Devil.—Wait a little longer, and you may see more! [*Aside.*] I will have him as hot [*Imps tickle Fop's ears, &c.*] as my furnace number one, before I let him loose upon the Saintly hero!

Rev. Mr. S.—This is delightful, don't you think so, angel?

Miss F.—It is indeed!

Mr. F.—Curse them both! [*Writhing with anger, Imps pat him all over.*]

Devil.—That's it, my boy, curse them as much as you like, the more the better, but don't kill them. Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh.*]

Mr. F.—Yes, I'll murder them both!

Devil.—They seem to enjoy it at your expense! [*Lets him go.*]

Mr. F.—[*Runs up to them, tears her away from Mr. Sainty, who is yet in an humble, suppliant position, and grasps him vigorously by the head and throat, choking him.*] Now you accursed viper, die! [*Imps protect Sainty and fret Fop. Miss Fashionable faints and falls into Devil's arms, who kisses her, smiles and points at Messrs. Fop and Sainty. Scenes open*

where Common Imps dance, and where Demons torture Victims. Leading Imps manipulate performers. Miss Fashionable and Mr. Fop are transformed into Victims, when Demons take them, and Rev. Mr. Saintry rises and lifts his hands heavenward. when Angels enter, then a fight ensues between leading Imps and Angels for Saintry. The clothes fall half from Saintry, in transformation, but the seizure by the Angels causes his clothes to go on him again; thus, the Angels are victorious; Devil and his minions disappear, when additional hosts of Angels enter, and a grand dance takes place; Rev. Mr. Saintry now being embraced, guarded and petted by the angelic host. Finally, very suddenly, the Devil and his Leading Imps rush in, Demons and Common Imps follow, and grasp Saintry; instantly his clothes fall from him, he is transformed into a Victim; the Angels fly and scream, when the sounds of hell, darkness, &c., create a most imposing Tableau.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Drawing Room of Miss PRUDISH, who is a nasty fine, and somewhat dissipated, homely creature.*

Miss Prudish.—I hate coarse people! Yes, I detest the Miss Jones' and the Miss Williams'; they are deuced vulgar! Why, [*Goes to table, takes a large drink of liquor.*] they can talk of legs and busts in the presence of the coarser sex without blushing. Yes, they also drink wine and beer in company with men! Bah! it is as much as I can do [*More liquor.*] to take my nips in private! I have often wondered how most people can be so shiftless! Satan himself would blush—[*Stares.*]

[*Enter Devil and Leading Imps.*]

Devil.—At your bidding—[*Imps all bow profoundly, then jump.*]

Miss P.—Great Mars! Who are you, and what do you want? [*Motioning him away.*]

Devil.—I want to warn you against low vulgar people; like the Jones' and Williams', do you see, I am your guardian angel? [*Imps spread out their wings.*]

Miss P.—Oh! thank you, you verily are a wise gentleman!

Devil.—[*Goes to liquor.*] Have a drink?

Miss P.—Ha! ha! Certainly with you I will!

Devil.—[*Aside.*] I thought so. [*To her.*] You are one lady out of ten thousand! [*Imps pat her.*]

Miss P.—[*Aside.*] I am delighted to have met with a congenial soul at last. Ha! ha! [*To him.*] Do you really think so?

Devil.—Oh! Yes! [*Puts his arm around her waist, and looks lovingly into her eyes. Imps hug each other.*]

Miss P.—[*Mock modestly.*] Don't, O, don't, you bring my virtuous maiden blushes to my delicate cheeks. [*Imps tear their mouths wide open with amazement.*]

Devil.—[*Aside.*] Devil the bit, old hag. [*Both smile. To her.*] That wont do any harm, we are alone!

Miss P.—I feel so much at home with you, that I don't mind anything you may do.

Devil.—[*Aside.*] Thunder, she seems to be more than a match for myself. [*Smiles and kisses her. To her.*] Darling, you do me reverence! [*Spits.*]

Miss P.—I suppose it is my extremely refined nature, that causes you to admire me so much? [*Acts self satisfied.*]

Devil.—[*Dumbfounded, Imps likewise.*] Certainly. [*Aside.*] The disgusting witch, I'd like to send her below, but she is too useful to knock the filthy breath out of her for yet a while! I'll just see what she is able to do! She puzzles me!

Miss P.—[*Takes another huge drink of liquor.*] Good for my stomach. [*Puts hand on it. Imps rub her stomach.*]

Devil.—[*Aside.*] I be hanged, if I ever educated her. Can there be another monarch of a similar kingdom to mine about? [*To her.*] Yes dear, that must be good for your stomach! [*Aside.*] The way her breath smells, I should think any filth would benefit her stomach! I actually feel nauseous! [*Gags. Imps shake their heads as if sick.*]

Miss P.—My darling what shall we do next, or where shall we go?

Devil.—[*Angry. Aside.*] Go into the natural air and ventilate your foul breath, there is no danger of being cured of it, you are too gigantically rotten. Bah! [*To her.*] Yes, my sugar lump. [*Bah.*] You'd better go visiting! [*Imps tumble and amuse themselves.*]

Miss P.—Will you accompany me! [*Meditates for a time.*]

Devil.—[*Blushing.*] No, I thank you! I have other business that I must attend to! [*Aside.*] The ugly fool, I wish I had the expounding of the law, hang me, if I wouldn't imprison for life, each prudish fool like her! Ha! ha! ha! here comes the Hon. Law Expounder.

[*Enter Hon. Law Expounder.*]

How are you, my most cute brother? [*Imps surround and rub him upwards.*]

Hon. Law Expounder.—[*Waving him off with his hand.*] Don't be so familiar; I am a legal gentleman, [*Holds up his green bag, with law books.*] don't you see that?

Devil.—Yes, I see that is infernally green, like yourself—

Hon. L. E.—S'death, do you take me for an idiot or fool?

Devil.—No Sir, I know you too well for that; you are far more knave than idiot or fool!

Hon. L. E.—Curse you, I'll have you indicted for slander! [*Foaming mad. Imps pinch him.*]

Devil.—Say, old crooked stick; you are a genuine benefactor to your race!

Hon. L. E.—[*Smitten with a part of this remark.*] What say you?

Devil.—You are a most useful member of society. What would I do, or Miss Prudish yonder, if no Law Expounders existed! You can twist and turn things to suit any purpose; and what is still

better, you lie and steal and continue respectable, which is a mighty auxilliary to my kingdom!

Hon. L. E.—[*Pleased, mad and puzzled.*] Who in thunder are you, that knows all about me and my customs?

Devil.—I am both your humble servant, and body guard! Many a horse whipping have I saved you from getting!

Hon. L. E.—You must be the devil—[*Imps act. yes.*]

Devil.—That's it, but you might use a more polished term to express my capacities.

Hon. L. E.—Truly, you are a capacious loafer, and if I were a pugilist, I'd give you an infernal drubbing for your impudence and arrogance—[*Imps point at devil and grin.*]

Devil.—Stop, stop, old forger, you are too great a coward to even mean that, because I would have you indicted, tried, convicted and hung for manslaughter—[*Imps fly about.*]

Hon. L. E.—Damn you! If I were only young again, how I would trim you knave off—[*Imps clap their hands and smile.*]

Devil.—That's it; I am your brother!

Hon. L. E.—Accursed villain! [*Wrothy.*] You are my brother! Choke me to death, if I wouldn't like to see you in hell. [*Imps laugh and point.*]

Devil.—Ha! ha! ha! Brother, will you go with me now? I am on my way there. Come, come, [*Pats on shoulder.*] don't be angry, dear brother knave! You shall be fully gratified in your legal whimsicalities!

Hon. L. E.—[*Coughs and nearly chokes with rage.*] It is too bad for me to allow my angry passions to get the better of me; because it makes me always very ill!

Devil.—[*Fondles and coaxes him.*] There, there, be calm and collected, I was only jesting. [*Imps rub the Law Expounder down, &c.*] But will you take a drink with me and make up? [*Goes to Miss P's liquor.*]

Hon. L. E.—Thanks, thanks. [*Drinks freely.*]

Miss P.—[*Meditates aloud.*] I wish I could have an interview with some legal gentleman! I am not quite sure whether it is lawful to manufacture ones own liquor!

Devil.—[*To Hon. L. E.*] Listen to that!

Hon. L. E.—Listen to what!

Devil.—Didn't you hear Miss Prudish call for a legal gentleman?

Hon. L. E.—No Sir, did she say so?

Devil.—Of course she did; and she is rich, but very prudish!

Hon. L. E.—Indeed! O, please sir, introduce and recommend me to her. If you will do it, I'll be yours in any way you please.

Devil.—I will do it; but you are mine already; all the lawyers belong to me! Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh and embrace each other.*]

Hon. L. E.—I don't care, only so that I can make a good fee.

Devil.—Come on then. [*Pass to where she is cogitating. To her.*] My dear, permit me to introduce to you one of my right hand gentlemen. A most Honorable Law Expounder; he is a perfect expert, who can be relied upon! [*Imps bow lowly.*]

Miss P.—I am very happy to make the gentleman's acquaintance!

Hon. L. E.—Thanks, noble lady, I shall be happy to serve you faithfully.

Devil.—[*Aside.*] Look out, she is a perfect prude—

Hon. L. E.—Why the devil didn't you say so at first?

Miss P.—I hope gentlemen, that you will pardon my dishabille, I have not been at all well lately; and my appearance is rather reckless, but—[*Imps pick and pull at her.*]

Hon. L. E.—No buts, Madam!

Miss P.—Sir, I'd have you know, that I am no madam! My name is Miss Prudish, I am none of your vulgar creatures—

Devil.—[*Aside to her.*] Go for the coarse fool. These lawyers think they are the lords of the infernal kingdom!

Miss P.—I'll settle his bacon, as I do all the coarser sex! Brute! [*Looks mad.*]

Devil.—[*Aside to Hon. L. E.*] Talk to her, and ask for your fee.

Hon. L. E.—Certainly, if you will leave me alone with her, I think I can do better.

Devil.—You had better invite her to take a walk in the garden, she is so refined, and all such nice (?) people love gardens. [*Aside.*] Eden for instance, where I made a muss. [*Imps active.*]

Hon. L. E.—Come, come, Miss Prudish, you have misunderstood me! I know that you are a most refined lady! Moreover, your tastes are of the exquisite order! I entirely agree with you, and I hope you will appreciate my opinion of you, when you learn my sincere motives for your happiness. I am a Law Expounder, and if you'd take a stroll with me through the garden, I could convince you of what I say. [*Aside.*] The accursed ugly wench! [*Imps turn up their noses in disgust.*]

Miss P.—You are a perfect gentleman, and I am with you heart and soul! Let's walk into my superb garden! [*They bow and compliment each other out. Imps throw kisses after them, &c.*]

Devil.—[*Sighs.*] Oh! what a relief, to get rid of that *she* devil! [*Imps stretch themselves in relief.*] They are a couple of fine birds to nestle amongst the bushes in yonder garden! [*Shakes his head ominously.*] Now for other business! I must wake up my slumbering disciples who have been stupified by toddy and tobacco pipes! Ha! ha! ha! Here comes Mr. Blue Devil, with mug and pipe!

[*Enter Mr. Blue Devil.*]

Mr. Blue Devil.—[*Mug and pipe in one hand, nearly sober.*] Great Jupiter! I feel devilish blue. I wish I had a drop; [*Raises his mug.*] where the devil can I get some cure-all.

Devil.—[*Sitting on corner of Miss P's table.*] Here, old blue bird!

Mr. B. D.—[*Goes to it.*] Think of the devil and his cure-all, and sure as hell, he is about with his panaceas! [*Drinks.*] Here is to his majesty's good health, may he live long—

Devil.—[*Touches him roughly.*] Of course he will—

Mr. B. D.—[*Scared to death, drops on his knees and shakes like a leaf as he beholds the Devil.*] Oh! O, ye gods, where am I?

Devil.—Safely with me! [*Imps grin at him fiercely.*]

Mr. B. D.—[*Feels, pinches and bites himself.*] Am I awake and in hell, and is that the Devil and his Imps? Or, am I only dreaming? Oh! but I feel blue and scared. But he looks friendly. [*Devil smiles.*] I wonder if another drop would not cure all this confusion. [*Crawls to table, with eye on Devil, and drinks again.*]

Devil.—You are drunk! Dead drunk, you beast—

Mr. B. D.—You lie! [*Staggers.*]

Devil.—No wretch, I sit.

Mr. B. D.—Beg pardon! So you do. Are you the Devil? Hic, hic.

Devil.—No Sir, I am a gentleman.

Mr. B. D.—The devil you are.

Devil.—Cease calling me by that name, or I'll skin you.

Mr. B. D.—Skin me! [*Strikes at the Devil.*] Will you? Take that. [*Misses him and falls on floor.*] Have you enough?

Devil.—[*Aside.*] Drunkenness, when not carried too far, is a blessing, but this loafer gets so dead and beastly drunk, that he disgusts all decent drinkers! I will pick a quarrel with him, after he is sobered, and then he'll challenge me to a duel, when I will kill him, and send him safely home—[*Points below. Imps sit around Blue Devil. Mr. B. D. lies dead drunk a short time. Re-enter Miss Prudish and Hon. Law Expounder lovingly.*]

Hon. L. E.—Well, my precious one, it is lawful now-a-days to do anything that is popular! We lawyers claim to know who is a nuisance in genteel society—

Devil.—[*Aside.*] That's my kind!

Hon. L. E.—And we never convict one of our own!

Devil.—[*Aside.*] No Sir, not while I am about.

Hon. L. E.—If it happens that a brother or sister,—yourself for instance—

Miss P.—Yes, dear! [*Stares at him.*]

Hon. L. E.—Should be detected in violating the law,—for instance like manufacturing ones own liquor, like you do,—we would not be able to find the witnesses, because a few dollars, you know, silences almost any of our people!

Devil.—[*Aside.*] I bet!

Hon. L. E.—Moreover, we Law Expounders, who are in good standing at headquarters—

Devil.—[*Aside.*] That's my kingdom!

Hon. L. E.—Have endless technicalities worked into all the laws, which our own legislators inserted for the benefit of our friends.

Devil.—[*Aside.*] Certainly, it must be a poor gentleman who does not care for his own! My ties are always secure! Ha! ha! ha!

Miss P.—My dear, but should some of those coarse, low fellows—

like the Jones' or Williams'—commit an offence, could you convict them, whether they had money or not?

Hon. L. E.—[*Hesitating, rubbing his head.*] We'll—

Devil.—[*Aside.*] Say yes, if she, or some one else had more money to give!

Hon. L. E.—Well yes, that is, provided my precious love, the prosecutor had more money to spend than the Jones' or Williams'.

Miss P.—It is money then, that makes law?

Hon. L. E.—Just so, just so, my dear; you have it.

Devil.—[*Aside to Miss P.*] Yes, and with money you can convict any one, whether he commits an offence or not.

Miss P.—Then with money you lawyers can convict any one, whether he is guilty or not?

Hon. L. E.—We'll yes, but I do not like the manner in which you express it; it does not sound refined! But it reminds me too much of the Jones' and Williams'.

Miss P.—True, true.

Devil.—[*Aside to Miss P.*] Yes, truer than preaching!

Miss P.—My love; [*Shocked and stares at Mr. Blue Devil, who awakes from his dead drunk.*] who is that beastly looking fellow?

Devil.—[*Aside to Miss P.*] He is a useless fool, whom you should remove from your refined apartment!

Miss P.—Please put him out, [*Hon. L. E. scared.*] My dear! [*Goes to him.*]

Mr. B. D.—[*Rises up, sits on corner of table, drinks her liquor.*] Ah! this cure-all steadies my hand [*Shakes.*] and head; and now I am ready for a row. [*Stamps and slashes around.*] Who wants to fight? [*Imps urge him on, then are delighted.*]

Hon. L. E.—My dear, I am no coward, [*Backs behind her.*] but I detest coarse, drunken roughs—

Mr. B. D.—[*Dashes at them.*] Say, old thief, who are you; by jingo, you have got a fine red nosed wench there! [*Makes for Miss P.*]

Miss P.—[*Screams.*] Murder! take him away, dear Expounder.

Mr. B. D.—I will, by gosh! [*Grasps Hon. L. E. and jerks him around vehemently.*] What do you want me to do with the thief and forger?

Hon. L. E.—[*Aside.*] Save me, ye protecting powers!

Devil.—Certainly! [*Imps fling Mr. B. D. away.*] Scoundrel, what do you mean?

Mr. B. D.—[*Sobered now.*] Curse you! [*Goes up to him.*] I'll have satisfaction, satisfaction! [*Imps push him on and wink.*]

Devil.—As you please, fool! What will you have, swords or pistols?

Mr. B. D.—Swords of course!

Devil.—All right! [*Imps produce them.*] Here they are, take your choice!

Mr. B. D.—[*Aside.*] Curse him, I thought he was a coward ! Oh ! ye gods, but I feel blue, but I must fight him !

Devil.—Come on, drunken knave ! [*Imps watch closely. They fight, Hon. L. E. and Miss P. are scared to death, run into corners and tremble. Imps smile, Devil falls, and Mr. B. D. runs him through two or three times, Devil pretends death for a time.*]

Hon. L. E.—[*Finding the danger over, says to B. D.*] Sir, you have murdered him, and you'll be hung, I am a Law Expounder, hence know what I say. Miss Prudish and myself are witnesses against you.

Mr. B. D.—[*Laments.*] Oh ! will my troubles never end ? My O, my ; but I feel blue ! Why did I kill the devil anyhow—

Devil.—[*Aside.*] Fool, you didn't kill him quite yet. [*Kicks.*]

Hon. L. E.—[*Examines Devil's heart, pronounces him defunct.*] He is gone !

Miss P.—[*Uplifted hands.*] Oh ! O, is the noble fellow dead ! [*Cries.*]

Mr. B. D.—[*Downcast in silence a moment.*] Sir, did you say that you were a Lawyer ! [*Imps motion, yes, yes.*]

Hon. L. E.—Yes Sir, of eminence, I flatter myself. [*Pompously.*]

Miss P.—Indeed he is, and you'd better fee and consult him right here.

Mr. B. D.—Fine lady, will you loan me the money ?

Miss P.—I'll see. [*Consults with her lover aside.*] My dear, what can we do with this uncouth ruffian ? He thinks he has killed yonder cute brother !

Hon. L. E.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! That's rich ! Let's try him. I will propose to make you the Court, and he may defend himself, whilst I'll be prosecuting attorney, when you'll see my style of oratory and legal acumen !

Miss P.—Good, good ; we can at any rate rid ourselves of this beast ! [*Imps jump, &c., in great glee.*]

Hon. L. E.—[*Addresses B. D.*] Sir, my friend and myself being the only witnesses against you, have concluded that, if you will be tried by us for your crime ; she to be the Judge—The Court,—I to be prosecuting attorney, and you defend yourself, we will not appear against you in any other manner, but you must abide by the decision of this Court.

Mr. B. D.—[*Very blue, sighs.*] Well, it is the best I can do, proceed ! [*She takes seat at table, and Hon. L. E. opens.*]

Hon. L. E.—May it please your honor ; this prisoner at the bar is guilty of premeditated, cold-blooded murder of our brother, yonder ; and I hope that your most excellent honor will make a terrible example of this drunken beast ! I invoke all the powers of our beloved kingdom, [*Imps go close and open their wings.*] that your mind, your honor, may be so impressed, that you will sentence him to swing by his nasty neck in less than twenty five minutes ! I've done. [*Imps motion up.*]

Devil.—[*Pulls the Court's dress. Aside to Court.*] You decide

that the first living person that appears on this spot, shall fight with him another duel with these swords, and the result of that shall clear the winner.

Court.—[*Aside.*] All right.

Mr. B. D.—May it please your excellency to have mercy on a poor, misguided, drunken, blue devil, and may your honor have a motherly feeling for a wretch like myself. Don't hang me in my sin! I wish to repent. [*Imps laugh boisterously and shake themselves violently.*]

Devil.—[*Pulls her again. Aside.*] Don't you change your ideas, and let the fool repent, anything but that, you know.

Mr. B. D.—I have nothing more to ask, but I wish my mamma could see me before I die! [*Weeps aloud.*]

Court.—Shut up, you wicked wretch! It is the decision of the Court to sentence you to fight the first living person that appears on this spot.

Devil.—Now then, is my time to get up! [*Imps hand them the swords.*] I am that man, come on! [*They fight, Devil kills him. Lovers strike an attitude of satisfaction, back of duelists. Scenes open, exposing infernal regions, where Common Imps carouse, Demons torture Victims. The Lovers, Law Expounder and Miss Prudish are transformed into Victims and are taken by the Demons. Immense groans from all hands go forth, at which moment the dead Blue Devil is transformed, and taken by the four Leading Imps and carried back on the stage and dropped into a flame of fire striking up through the floor. Shouts and groans, from Victims and Imps, fill the air with horror! Devil is on his elevated throne smiling. Imps with uplifted hands seem gay, &c. Tableau.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Private apartment of MRS. GOSSIP, where she receives her friends. She is a neat, tidy saint, very versatile and sanctimonious.*

NOTE.—This act is omitted in the Gorgeous Spectacular Edition.

Mrs. Gossip.—If there is one class of people more despicable than another, it is gossipers. But I do detest such low lived sinners! My dear Alphonse, when he lived, always told me to attend to my *own* affairs, and let other people do the same! Yes, yes, what a beautiful world this would be, if long tongued women were banished from decent society! But Satan must have his followers—

[*Enter Devil and Leading Imps.*]

Devil.—Certainly, Madam; at your service!

Mrs. G.—[*Scared and screams.*] A-a-a-a.

Devil.—It is only me, you need not scream! I can tell you of some horrible things—[*Imps tear their eyes widely open.*]

Mrs. G.—[*Wide agape.*] You don't say so, what is it?

Devil.—[*Gasping for breath.*] Please give me a little time, when I will tell you all about it—

Mrs. G.—Well, hurry up, I am dying to know.

Devil.—I'll tell you, but you know—

Mrs. G.—No, I don't know, but why don't you speak out quickly? [*All impatience.*] You anger me dreadfully, by hesitating so long. [*Imps vex her.*]

Devil.—[*Tantalizingly.*] My dear Mrs. Gossip, you don't particularly care to know anything about your neighbors over the way.

Mrs. G.—[*Aside.*] Accursed be his tongue for agitating me in this manner—

Devil.—[*Aside.*] I'll agitate you worse yet, before I take you below. [*Pointing.*] You old she-devil! Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh and act impatient.*]

Mrs. G.—Why don't you hurry, and tell me, what about our neighbors?

Devil.—I will! [*Hesitates.*]

Mrs. G.—Well, well, go on quickly! [*Stamps her foot with rage and impatience.*]

Devil.—Certainly, I'll go on, but give me time to collect my senses—

Mrs. G.—Fool, you annoy me; why don't you tell me the horrible news? You are as provoking as the devil himself. [*Imps fly, tumble, &c.*]

Devil.—By hokey! now I'll tell you; but first let me say, that you are an exemplary woman, who always attends to her own business!

Mrs. G.—Do you want me to go raving mad?

Devil.—No indeed; because, if you became a raving maniac, you could not understand what I am going to tell you!

Mrs. G.—Why in thunder, don't you tell me then; keeping me in such suspense. [*Imps twist and bounce her.*]

Devil.—I'll be telling you; only have patience until I frame my speech—

Mrs. G.—Accursed be your speech!

Devil.—[*Aside.*] Good, good, she is improving, I'll give her a diploma very soon for diabolism! [*Imps in great glee. To her.*] Say, sweet virgin, you put me so much in mind of a near relative of mine, that I have fallen in love with you.

Mrs. G.—[*Stamps her feet and bites her lips; furious.*] You are as provoking as the devil! Why don't you tell me, what happened our neighbors? [*Imps point at Devil and grin, &c.*]

Devil.—Happened your neighbors! I did not say that anything happened your neighbors; moreover, if anything *had* happened; you, who never attend to other people's affairs, would not care to know about it.

Mrs. G.—[*Aside.*] He is the most provoking scoundrel that I ever met in all my life. [*To him.*] Are you going to tell me those "horrible things" you spoke about?

Devil.—Oh! yes, I thought you had forgotten all about it, in your tame mood to please and entertain me!

Mrs. G.—Please and entertain you! You must be a disappointed fool! What interest could I take in the likes of you?

Devil.—Great Mars! [*Looks at himself.*] I thought you admired and well nigh worshipped me!—But it only goes to show, how some weak-minded creatures can deceive themselves—

Mrs. G.—Certainly, you are a most weak minded fool, or you could relate what happened—[*Imps greatly delighted.*]

Devil.—[*Pats her on the head.*] Oh! well, well, well, my honey, be patient, I will tell you—

Mrs. G.—[*More impatient than ever, stamps.*] Well, well, fool; how many wells does it take to make a river! But will you go on?

Devil.—Of course I will, but you make me answer so many new questions, that I cannot finish my own story—

Mrs. G.—Curse—

Devil.—Stop, stop! [*Puts his hand on her mouth.*] don't swear. You want to know—

Mrs. G.—Yes, yes, certainly—

Devil.—How many wells it takes to make a river—

Mrs. G.—[*Foams.*] O, Oh! was patient woman ever so tortured? Was patient woman ever so tantalized?

Devil.—Hut, tut, you are mistaken! I would not annoy you. nor irritate your chaste, quiet nerves—

Mrs. G.—But you do irritate my nerves. [*Raves. Imps pinch and tickle her.*]

Devil.—[*Coolly.*] Do I? Well—

Mrs. G.—Accursed be your wells—

Devil.—Oh! I see, you want to know, how many wells it takes to make a river! [*Hesitates coolly, whilst she looks daggers at him.*] Well, it only takes one, if it is big enough—[*Imps shake and grin.*]

Mrs. G.—May I cease to live, if I wouldn't like to choke you for not telling me about those "horrible things" that happened!

Devil.—"Horrible things"! Just so, but I am not a competent person to teach "horrible things," it takes a newspaper Editor to do that.

[*Enter Mr. Editor.*]

[*Aside.*] By my own sweet self, here comes the very man! [*To him.*] How are you Mr. Editor? [*Imps jump and amuse themselves.*]

Mr. Editor.—I am quite salubrious, how is yourself, and have you any news?

Devil.—News! deuced the bit; but here is Mrs. Gossip, who has been spoiling to meet you; allow me to introduce you two saints of our kingdom! [*Points below.*] Mrs. Gossip, this is Mr. Editor, who can manufacture plenty of "horrible things" for you in double quick!

Mrs. G.—Happy indeed, to meet him!

Mr. E.—Endless thanks, and permit me to return the compliment!

Devil.—[*Aside.*] At last I have succeeded in bringing two of

the most prosperous and acutely industrious souls together that ever labored for my kingdom. [*Imps surround Mrs. G. and Mr. E.*]

Mrs. G.—My dear sir, what is there new on the tapis, although I despise gossipers, it is proper to learn what goes on in the newspaper line?

Mr. E.—Oh! certainly, you are perfectly correct, and I admire your good taste.

Devil.—Ha! ha! ha! [*Aside.*] When I get my disciples past a certain degree of education, I have no more trouble to have them continue their avocation with energy and fidelity. Both these fools, [*Pointing to them.*] are graduates at my Universities! They can manufacture more columns of news in an hour, than all my Imps combined could do in a year. [*Imps nod assent.*] In sooth I am no wheres when they are about, as any one can see when I am gone. [*Exit Devil and Imps.*]

Mrs. G.—Did you hear the news about Mr. Lucre Influence?

Mr. E.—No, my dear Madam, I did not, what is it?

Mrs. G.—Is it possible! [*Delighted, rubbing her hands.*] and an Editor too, and did not hear the vile and dastardly conduct of that contemptible old miser?

Mr. E.—[*Astonished. Aside.*] The old gossipper. [*To her.*] Please, do tell what it is? I'll make a note of it, and will publish it in the "Hornet."

Mrs. G.—[*Lively.*] I will, and O, do publish it—

Mr. E.—Of course I will, but tell me first—

Mrs. G.—Certainly; so get your pen and paper, and take it down! [*Delighted.*] Well, Mr. Lucre Influence, you know is very rich, very mean and influential amongst the upper crust! [*Turning up her nose.*] Well, let me tell you; he was down at Rev. Mr. Sainty's the other day to a festival, and Miss Fashionable and Miss Prudish were invited guests; and of course, every body knows that these chaste young damsels are fishing to catch the old miser; whilst he is very fond of their society, he does not mean to be caught by them; but, when Mr. Sainty put his oar into the puddle, the young ladies blushed, but Mr. Sainty said in great earnestness: Mr. Lucre Influence, I learn that you have proposed marriage to Miss Fashionable. At this charge, old Lucre flew into a rage and struck the Rev. [*Laughs hugely.*] Mr. Sainty a terrible blow in his face, knocking all his beautiful teeth down his throat—

Mr. E.—You don't say so—

Mrs. G.—Yes I do say so; and more than this; when Mr. Sainty had recovered from the shock, Mr. Lucre and Miss Prudish—that refined virgin—[*Turning up her nose, and speaking very fast.*] joined in a conspiracy, to mob Miss Fashionable, who is the particular love, on the sly, of Rev. Mr. Sainty—

Mr. E.—Why, Mr. Sainty is a married man, with a family.

Mrs. G.—Bah! what difference does that make with the upper ten, [*Sneers.*] whether they are single or married.

Mr. E.—Where did you learn all this? And is this all?

Mrs. G.—Ha! ha! ha! Learn it! why every body knows it, but I have not told you one half of it—

Mr. E.—Please tell me the balance—

Mrs. G.—[*Gaily and happily.*] Certainly, certainly, I will. Now listen, but don't blush, my dear fellow. [*Nudging him familiarly.*]

Mr. E.—[*Aside.*] She is a stunner, be-gad!

Mrs. G.—Well, Mr. Lucre Influence and Miss Prudish, tore every bit of clothing off Miss Fashionable's back, until she was as thread bare as a newly born baby! [*Laughing with delight.*] Ha! ha! ha! This so shocked the holy Rev. Mr. Sainty that he fainted, or pretended to do so; [*Disgust.*] when a general fight took place among the sisters and brothers, who were present on this festive [*Delighted.*] occasion! They all seemed to make for Mr. Influence and Miss Prudish, but the old miser struck every one to the floor, with his loaded cane, who came near him; and at this stage of the proceedings, the police entered the apartment, but upon discovering the man of influence, they did not attempt to arrest him, although he was still knocking down dozens of the guests!

Mr. E.—Was any one injured?

Mrs. G.—Ha! ha! ha! Yes, I should think there was! Bloody noses and broken bones plenty, but our respectable miser came out victorious, as millionaires always do.

Mr. E.—I will comment on this little affair, and give this old scoundrel a few extra blows. Don't you think I better bedaub him a little with printer's ink?

Mrs. G.—Yes, of course, picture him as a vile scoundrel and base seducer of innocent lasses; which is the holy truth; because, he has ruined hundreds of innocent young ladies, who were fools enough to believe that he would marry them, or pay liberally, if they would threaten to "peach" on him; but he has never done either! He is a first-class rake and villain!

Mr. E.—Are you willing to swear to the above, should I be called upon to produce my author!

Mrs. G.—Swear to it; certainly, and to a thousand additional things—

Mr. E.—All right, I must now leave you, and attend to this little business—

[*Re-Enter Devil and Imps tumbling.*]

Devil.—Halloo! Children, are you prospering and happy?

Mrs. G.—Assuredly we are! Aren't we, Mr. Editor?

Mr. E.—I'll bet. But farewell for the present; if I don't horrify them, then there is no devil!

[*Exit Mr. Editor.*]

Devil.—There, [*Pointing to Editor.*] there is the boy that can tell you plenty of "horrible things."

Mrs. G.—He is a perfect saint. [*Imps pat and stroke her down.*]

Devil.—Of course he is. [*Aside.*] He is a lying Imp, who has no more regard for truth or principle than this lovely Mrs. Gossip

has. Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh.*] They are graduates of mine who do not require my aid any longer. [*Delighted.*]

Mrs. G.—Look, there comes Mr. Lucre Influence; I must leave you, because I do not wish to meet him just now! Adieu.

[*Exit Mrs. Gossip.*]

Devil.—Good by, Sweety! [*He and Imps kiss their hands to her.*] She is deep enough in my science, to call my subjects to the front without any act or wish of mine! This is a charming business! I have it easy, and now I am honored every where! But had I failed to educate that precious babe of Mrs. Superstition, I would be a poor, friendless and unpopular gentleman!

[*Enter Mr. Lucre Influence.*]

[*To him.*] How are you, my most worthy and honored disciple! [*Aside.*] Money, money, is the root of all evil! Yes, yes, I will it so, and it works smoothly all over the world! It is my Alpha and Omega! My everything!

Mr. Lucre Influence.—I am very well, and I have made several grand successes! Have shaved many of the honest laborers, and when my notes against them come due, I'll take good care to make them pay up. If they fail, I'll sell them out, and, [*Nudging Devil.*] then they may steal and murder! [*Imps tickle each other, &c.*]

Devil.—Hut, tut, you wicked man; you would not do that? Would you? [*Smiles.*]

Mr. L. I.—Oh! no, of course not. Ha! ha!

Devil.—Mr. Lucre Influence, I see by this morning's "Hornet," that you have been at your old work again of loving the girls. [*Nudging him.*] You sly dog! [*Imps dig Lucre Influence in the ribs.*]

Mr. L. I.—[*Astonished, angry.*] The devil, you did! Well, was it anything pleasant or otherwise?

Devil.—Oh! very pleasant to me! [*Imps motion assent.*]

Mr. L. I.—Pleasant to you! Hah! Then it must be damned unpleasant to me! Curse that Mr. Editor!

Devil.—That's it, curse him, because, he and Mrs. Gossip are to blame for it all—

Mr. L. I.—For it all! [*Amazed.*] Is it then so bad?

Devil.—No, no, it is good; but you may not fancy it. He brands you as a rake and—[*Imps pinch L. I. in the legs.*]

Mr. L. I.—And what? [*In a furious rage.*]

Devil.—You'll do, I'd better go now! Look there, they are coming. Come, brother and let us hide from such wicked creatures, [*He and Imps nudge him.*] who beslime the chastity and virtue of such pure and holy gentlemen as yourself. Ha! ha!

Mr. L. I.—[*In a perfect rage.*] Curse, curse everything. [*Imps spread their wings over him and laugh.*]

Devil.—Just so, just so! Ha! ha! ha!

SCENE II. Library. [*Enter Mr. Editor and Mrs. Gossip.*]

Mrs. G.—Say, my dear Mr. Editor, that article of yours in the "Hornet," must have stung Mr. Lucre Influence, as well as the

proud Miss Fashionable, and that fool, Miss Prudish, to the quick. You are a philosopher, because the way you argue matters, who can doubt what you say; any way, most of the people believe anything that appears in the newspapers! But, [*Looking quizzically in his face.*] we who manufacture things, know better! Don't we? [*Both laugh.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. E.—I warrant we do! But what do you think Mr. Lucre Influence will do, when he spies those philosophic lines of mine? Ha! ha! ha! [*Pleased.*]

Mrs. G.—Will do? Rave and threaten to cane you! but he is afraid of your pen, or he'd cowhide or cane you, *sure* as fate. You'd better carry a little bull dog!

Mr. E.—[*Pulls his revolver from his pants' pocket, back.*] Oh! I do.

Mrs. G.—Good enough!

[*Enter Mr. Lucre Influence.*]

Mr. L. I.—[*Suddenly upon Mr. E., grasps him by the neck, and prevents him from pulling his pistol at first.*] Now, accursed scribe and libeller, take that! [*Cowhides him awfully.*]

Mrs. G.—[*Scared to insensibility.*] Oh! O, ye powers of protection aid—

[*Enter Devil and Imps with a rush.*]

Devil.—[*Holds her in his arms, whilst she faints, Imps fan her, smile, &c.*] My sweet sugar lump looks charming, when scared a little by the boy's play spells! [*To him.*] Lay on, Mr. Lucre Influence! [*Imps lay her on the floor, and go to the aid of Mr. Editor, who is now down, whilst Mr. L. Influence whip him until he is exhausted.*]

Mr. E.—Mercy, mercy! Oh! help, help!

Mr. L. I.—I'll help you! [*Chokes him to stop his screaming.*]

Devil.—[*Imps go up behind, and assist Editor to get his pistol; he draws and fires, kills L. I. Mrs. G. is aroused by pistol report.*] Oh! Madam, I hope you feel better—

Mrs. G.—What are they doing? [*Pointing to pugilists.*]

Mr. E.—[*After first shot fires again and again.*] Die, dog!

Devil.—They are only playing!

[*Lucre Influence in his dying agony rises and makes for Mrs. Gossip, she screams, Devil takes her in his arms, Imps take L. I. away. He drops. Editor rises victoriously. Imps raise him into their arms. Tableau.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Bar Room of a fashionable Drinking Saloon! All half drunk. Kept by GRAND-MA SNOOKS.*

Hon. Politician.—[*Red nose, portly and saucy.*] Friends, hic, hic, we are the experienced statesmen of this progressive age! hic.

Mr. Gaiety.—[*A pert lively fool.*] Y-e-s, I be darned, if we ain't! Ain't we Grand-Ma Snooks?

Grand-Ma Snooks.—You are a drunken fool, shut up your mouth, hic! hic! hic! or I'll murder you!

Mr. G.—You will, [*Gives her a blow in the face with his fist.*] will you, take that, old hag!

Hon. P.—[*Rises and staggers.*] I rise to a point of order! Hic, hic, hic. I say, let's all have a drink! Hurrah! hurrah!

Mr. G.—Of course we will! [*Goes tottering to Bar.*] Come on Granny. [*Both drink.*]

G. M. S.—[*Groans.*] Go to the devil with your drink!

[*Enter Devil, Imps and Demons.*]

Devil.—[*Aside.*] Well, well, this is a beautiful spectacle. Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps and Demons laugh; The Demons grab for the performers, but Imps keep them back.*] These saints were once the *elite* of the town where nabobs and aristocrats lived and ruled. But truly, to what base uses may we come at last, might be applicable in some circles of society, but with us it does not hold good; we are a very zealous people, and we stick closely together, which is seen by taking a peep at my old disciples yonder. They are getting to be a disgrace; because, they act too disgustingly stupid to have many followers; but then, they are nearly played out; and although their example is not patterned after much by myself, still I love to see them make preparation to come home! Home! sweet, sweet home; there's no place like home! I'll not permit them to go abroad much, when they get so nearly ready for my furnaces. Cremation is now becoming popular, even on this crooked earth, but no one can compete with me! [*Speaks now to Grand-Ma Snooks.*] Halloo! Granny Snooks! How is biz? Sell plenty of fire-water? [*Demons grab for Granny, Imps oppose it.*]

G. M. S.—What is't your business, how it is! Hain't you had enough service from me, you old serpent?

Devil.—What? Call me, me an old serpent? Slander, Slander, you old sinner!

Hon. P.—[*Awakes from stupor.*] Who are you calling an "old sinner?" I rise to a point of order. [*Staggers.*] Hic, hic! Say, old cloven foot, [*Looking at Devil and Imps. Demons again make for him, Imps prevent them.*] who in he-ll are you? Are you a me-m-ber of, hic, Congress? Or are you a Judge? hic, or are you a thief?

Mr. G.—[*Awakes.*] He is a thief, hic, I saw him steal Granny's whisky. [*Demons likewise go for him, &c.*]

G. M. S.—You lie— [*Imps laugh and tumble around Demons.*]

Mr. G.—If I wasn't a gay gentleman, [*Staggers pertly.*] I be damned I'd mash your nose, you old devil!

Devil.—Did you speak to me? [*Goes up to him.*]

Mr. G.—Go to hell, hic, you impudent hound! Who are you? I am Mr. Gaiety! [*Gaily. Imps stare at G. holding Demons back.*]

Devil.—Indeed, you look very gay! [*Aside.*] I'll have some fun with these fools, before I send them home! I'll make them

believe that I am a genuine thief! [*To Granny Snooks.*] Say, may I have the use of your house for a fortnight?

G. M. S.—No Sir, you are a thief!

Devil.—Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps and Demons laugh.*] Of course, I am a genuine thief! I don't only steal trash, but I rob such fools as you of your good name—

Mr. G.—[*Rising gaily, tottering and going for the Devil.*] You are a b-o-ld scoundrel to own up be-fore gentleman, like us, hic, hic! What do you say, Hon. Politician, and dear Granny Snooks? Hic! hic! hic! hah! [*Looks at Devil and Imps, who grin at him.*]

Hon. P.—Say, say! [*Goes near Devil.*] Why, I say, that I rise to a point of order—[*Imps laugh and protect him from Demons.*]

G. M. S.—[*Rises up and staggers.*] I say that you are all drunk, and ought to be hung for molesting a decent lady like myself, hic, hic.—[*Falls on floor. Demons make a terrible effort to take her, but the Imps act vigorously in her defence, and drive Demons back.*]

Devil.—Well, ladies and honorable gentlemen, I wish you to know that I propose to rob you to-night of that which is most precious to you all—

Mr. G.—[*Goes and gobbles up Granny's whisky bottles.*] He's g-o-ing to steal, hic, dear Granny's whisky—[*Imps and Demons tumble, &c.*]

Hon. P.—[*Pompous.*] Put him out, gentlemen, hic.

Devil.—[*Runs behind bar, upsets bottles, &c.*] Now look out for your property.

Hon. P.—[*Tottering.*] I rise to a point of order; hic, I say, let's put that damn thief out. [*Pointing to Devil.*]

[EXPLANATION.—*They run after the Devil; the Leading Imps trip them up; enter Common Imps; the performers tumble over each other, and hammer each other, for the thief; at last Mr. Gaiety gets Grand-Ma Snooks' head under his arm, thinking it is the Devil, when he pounds her head and face ferociously. Common Imps assist Leading Imps to keep the Demons from taking the performers, &c.*]

Mr. G.—Now, you old thief, I have got you; take this.

Devil.—[*Appears before Gaiety's eyes when he is exhausted.*] Say, old gay fool, why do you strike that poor old hag in that manner? [*Aside.*] Ha! ha! ha! This is not the only pummeling that the wrong person's got!

Mr. G.—[*Thunder struck; stares and examines his victim.*] My great heavens! Granny is that you? Ha! ha! ha! Begad I thought it was that devil of a thief there. [*Pointing to Devil.*]

Hon. P.—[*Rises from the floor where he fell in the scuffle.*] I rise to a point of order! [*Stares at devil, who laughs, then examines Granny, who bleeds, and who is nearly dead.*] That thief [*Points to devil.*] nearly killed our noble, hic, hostess. Let's murder him!

Mr. G.—[*Goes to bar, sees whisky.*] Let's have a drink boys, and be merry—

Hon. P.—I rise to that point of order! Come on old thief, and take a drop.

Devil.—No, I thank you, I never drink! [*Imps and Demons look on with glaring eyes and without moving a muscle.*]

Mr. G.—Say, your honor, that fellow is a tem-p-e-r-ance, hic, ha! ha! Old thief, are you a tem-p-er-ance [*Drinks and speaks into cup.*] man? Ha! ha! [*Strangles.*]

Hon. P.—[*Aside to Mr. Gaiety.*] Say, boss, bedad, he is drunk. [*Meaning the Devil.*] Don't you see how he spins around?

Mr. G.—[*Looks with eyes nearly shut.*] So he does! [*Points to Granny who lies like dead, on the floor.*] Look, old Granny has joined him. Let's drink all her whisky for that. [*Both drink.*]

Hon. P.—I rise [*Can't rise, tries.*] to a point, a point, point of order—

Devil.—Prepare, each of you to meet your doom! Sleep off your drunken debauch, and then open your eyes in purgatory number one! [*Exit Devil. Leading and Common Imps have great trouble to get Demons to leave the performers and exit. Gents fall down dead drunk.*]

G. M. S.—[*Awakes, feels badly bruised.*] My, Oh! my goodness, but I am infernally sore! [*Looks around, fails to see any one.*] The boys have surely gone to catch that thief! He was a bold fellow! I admired him for his bravery! Ha! ha! ha! [*Feels pain in jaws from laughing.*] Oh! O, my jaws! I am faint. I must have some pure stimulus! [*Crawls back of her bar, gets an extra bottle, laughs.*] Ha! ha! that thief did not find this! Oh! my jaws! [*Drinks and looks around and spies dead drunk gents.*] Great Jupiter! Ha! ha! Look there, [*Points.*] there are our great statesmen; our law makers, and our gay old rakes; all as drunk on my rot-gut as the devil!

[*Re-Enter Devil and Leading Imps.*]

Devil.—Thank you, old hag, I do not get drunk, I'd have you know—

G. M. S.—[*Scared greatly.*] What? [*Sees Imps and knows the Devil now.*] Great powers of earth, shield me from these Demons—

Devil.—Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps all join in a ferocious laugh.*] You are a pretty specimen to ask to be shielded from our happy family. You who have dealt out the stuff of damnation to thousands. [*Pointing to drunken gents on the floor.*] Look there—

G. M. S.—[*Screams vehemently.*] A-a-a-a.

Devil.—They are your subjects, and you are my victim. [*Imps tumble, &c.*]

G. M. S.—[*Drinks freely.*] Now, I guess I can steady my nervous imaginings—

Devil.—That's the stuff to prepare for number one, [*Points below.*] get ready to go.

G. M. S.—[*Feels bold again.*] To go where, old cloven foot?

Devil.—To hell. [*Points below, Imps point and grin.*]

G. M. S.—What, send me to hell? That's a pretty piece of business, to talk about honest industrious people like me, going to hell, when I have been wearing out my body and soul to please such gentlemen as your law makers, your nabobs, your millionaires, your gay rakes, your fast ladies and your professors who have dropped in here to escape the gaze of the fastidious populace, who however, nearly all in their turn have given me encouragement by their patronage and smiles! Yes, I have always been rigidly honest, in all my dealings.

Devil.—You were the bigger fool for that—[*Imps point at Granny.*]

G. M. S.—Please Sir, if you are a gentleman, which you seem to be from external appearances, let me finish.

Devil.—[*Looks at himself.*] Oh! of course I am. [*Imps point at devil and smile.*]

G. M. S.—I was going to say; you nice refined (?) people, encourage moderate tippling, smoking and gormandizing in your fashionable temples of *elite* society; thereby you create an insatiate appetite for rum of the worst brands, and after your subjects, look, like myself, are perfect slaves to depraved appetites, you cast them out of your so-called good society, and for aught you care [*Becomes eloquent.*] they may starve, or go to hell, where you asked me to go! Yes, and what can, or what shall such creatures do for a living, but to become double slaves! Slaves to appetite, and slaves to those who have money to buy the vile stuff? [*Imps act, as if to say: she is a brick.*]

Devil.—[*Aside.*] By my own stars, she is a trump; I'll elevate her to the position of an imp! Ha! ha! ha! [*To her.*] Bravely spoken like a heroine! Go on Granny Snooks, I love to hear good rhetoric from one of my disciples!

G. M. S.—Thank you!

Devil.—You are perfectly welcome!

G. M. S.—Can you blame honest, hard working people, like myself, for making a living? Would it not be much worse had I robbed and cheated everybody, like your lazy politicians and professional men, and more lazy females do, who pretend to loathe my honest business, as much as you seemed to do, but who do not hesitate to commit numerous domestic crimes, with which you must be familiar, as you are the all-wise philosopher of the age! [*Devil and Imps applaud and grin.*] In conclusion, allow me to appeal to your generosity, by stating, that I did the best I could from infancy to the present day, and can you or any one else expect anything more from a saint?

Devil.—Spoken like a modern preacher! You, my most precious madam, have truly said that you did the best you could from infancy, I agree with you in that! Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh.*] I was there myself, with my faithful disciples—"Putrid Air;" "Filthy Water;" "Gross Food;" "Artificial Light," [*Each Imp bows and spreads his wings as he is referred to by the Devil, all laugh with him.*] and many others. Ha! ha! ha!

G. M. S.—[*Stares with amazement and drinks.*] Why do you laugh so sarcastically?

Devil.—To think how well you reason! What a powerful talent for logic you possess! Had you not been made a dyspeptic, when a brat of an infant, you might now plead your cause with torture and despair to myself and faithful disciples; but we have been far more industrious than yourself to prevent you from starvation! Had it not been for us, you would not have had any Politicians, Nabobs, Millionaires, Gay Rakes, Fast Ladies nor Professors to patronize you!

G. M. S.—[*Desponding, drinks again.*] Oh! Fiend! Fiend!

Devil.—Come, come, be decent in your remarks to me, and permit me to finish. I did not stop you from completing your philosophical speech! [*Sarcastically.*]

G. M. S.—Go on, old beelzebul. [*Imps point at him and smile.*]

Devil.—Shame! for shame unto you, to abuse your life long, best friend, who has made and provided you with the best of customers! Look yonder, once more, at your subjects—

G. M. S.—Accursed—[*Drinks.*]

Devil.—That's you, go on; you are in the right tone of mind; your honest business, has taught you what is good for humanity, and what is good for humanity, is good for you; and according to your deeds, not according to your words, must the science of earth and air reward you!

G. M. S.—I have not been the cause of my own creation! [*Drinks more.*]

Devil.—But you have encouraged others, even thousands of my innocent old cronies, [*Points to gents on floor.*] who had not even money, to drink and carouse, thereby you have fully earned a place in my little furnace, [*Points below.*] where fat fish fry easily! Ha! ha! ha! [*Imps laugh boisterously, &c.*]

G. M. S.—[*Drinks.*] Oh! let me drown my sorrows, and once more forget myself.

Devil.—Of course, drink on, but when you awake, you will be summoned from whence no sinner returns!

[*Granny falls to the floor dead drunk. Scenes open. The Devil now invites all his Imps, &c., to appear. The three performers on the floor are transformed by the Demons and by them taken in charge. Leading Imps make terrible leaps.*]

GRAND INFERNAL DANCE.

The Devil ascends to his throne. The dance goes on, getting more and more lively, whilst infernal apparatus, scenery, &c., are continually added, and appropriate changes take place, until the Devil rises on his throne and Descends.]

Devil.—Awake! awake, all ye Imps! Awake all ye Demons! [*The actions of all his serfs are increased.*] Awake! Arouse, all ye Victims! and may you all drink the just reward of your meritorious lives! I say, Awake! Ha! ha! ha! ha! [*Imps and Demons join in gigantic laughter, the most dolorous and horrid*

noises are created; additional horrors are added; fire, smoke, brimstone, thunder, &c. are making a soul harrowing noise! All move back on the stage, descending into a fiery abyss; Demons take Victims back first, Common Imps go next, Leading Imps follow and the Devil last; then the Angelic host enter, from sides, through floor, from top, and make one vast host of earthly and heavenly angels, shutting out the Infernal Regions entirely.

GRAND ANGEL DANCE.

Transformation; ascending of Angels, &c. Saints and Dr. Philosopher enter, after Angels have partly ascended in Pyramids, &c., all strike tableau, when Dr. Philosopher speaks.]

DR. PHILOSOPHER.—Let all the earth rejoice, that the hour has arrived, when truth, though crushed, will rise again, and sway her sovereign power over all animated creation!

Therefore, ye that yet live, we implore you improve the time in the hour of youth, and rend asunder the bonds that hold the millions in subjection to his demoniacal kingdom, when peace and good-will, will reign throughout the world!

[Transformation, Singing and Grand Tableau.]

THE END.

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